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No Rest for the Wicked

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Chapter 1 by Dylan

"You're a banshee," said James flatly.

Kate lay back, her head on his leg, her fingers flipping a coin in between the knuckles with practised ease. "I didn't say I hoped you'd believe me." A part of her - childish though it was - was energised by the superiority her proclamation had given her.

James groaned. He plucked the penny from her knuckle, pocketing it and intertwining his own hands with hers. "Don't. You'll bleed. And of course I don't believe you... don't banshees stand on people's ceilings and screech in their ears if they're going to kick the bucket? You're Kate. You don't do that."

"I might."

"Yeah, but you don't."

Kate always forgot that James practically lived with her. Her only friend outside of the Witching Hour, the only other person she had told about her relationship with Kerrv... it's hard to

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"No, I don't." She wondered absently if she had another coin in her back pocket. "But I did on Mrs Foster's house last night. Bet you anything she's dead within the week."

"Bet you what?"

Kate suddenly grinned, feral as a wolf and far more ferocious. "Bet you a penny... and that you come with me next time I'm screeching. You'll meet Kerry."

"It's a deal," said James, with the confidence of someone that thinks he's right.

Kate would enjoy this next bit.

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